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THE

NEWS-BOY'S A

TO THE

PATRONS OF

BRITISH CO

FOR THE YEA

COME PATRONS have you any C——H,
Immodest words, or vain, or rash,
Are better hidden by a Dash,
Or piece of Lead,
Than wound your feelings, or abash
The MUSE's head.

Still uniformly to your door,
House, Office, Tavern, Shop, or Store,
I've brought you over five half score
Of sheets of News;
I'm now upon an extra tour,
With sep'rate views.

And tho' I know that CASH is scant,
I'll use no formal, fawning cant,
But plainly tell you what I want,
I like fair dealing;
You'll not refuse the usual grant,
I know you're feeling.

The grant forsooth! the debt you owe,
Don't think that I a begging go;
Just count my Journies thro' the snow,
The mirk and mire,
And then good Friends you'll quickly know,
I've earn'd my hire.

Where now the barrier, bulwark,
Great Britain still in Turkey four
Which sternly on ambition frown
And kept at
North's giant power from gaining
Toward the

Young NICHOLAS has struck the
That CATH'RINE wish'd for long
And should he ever prove a foe
To British
He'll doubtless leave his frost and
For Eastern

Yet Britain while the ocean pour
Its boiling surges on thy shores,
And thy dread naval thunder roa
Upon the w
Not Gallic beaux, nor Russ

The stream of amity, uncurl'd
Now flows around a tranquil wor
The crimson flag is closely furl'd
And horrid
By general consent is hurl'd
From out h

The' glutted markets long have

I like fair dealing;
You'll not refuse the usual grant,
I know you're feeling.

The grant forsooth! the debt you owe,

Upon the
Not Gallic beaux, nor Russ

The stream of amity, uncurl'd

THE

OY'S ADDRESS,

TO THE

ONS OF THE

COLONIST,

YEAR 1830.

ne barrier, bulwark, mound,
still in Turkey found ?
on ambition frown'd,
And kept at least
power from gaining ground,
Toward the East ?

LA's has struck the blow,
INE wish'd for long ago ;
e ever prove a foe
To British powers,
s leave his frost and snow,
For Eastern bowers.

hile the ocean pours,
rges on thy shores,
d naval thunder roars
Upon the wave,
aux, nor Russian Boors,
[illegible].

of amity, uncurl'd
round a tranquil world ;
flag is closely furl'd,
And horrid war,
onsent is hurl'd
From out his ear.

markets long have made

These summer days may soon be o'er,
Don't dream that winter is no more ;
When frosty winds begin to roar
From bleak North West,
You'll wish a log house e'er so poor
Wherein to nest.

But then the City charms the eye,
Its *Court House*, *Bank*, and Churches high,
Good even streets, so smooth and dry,
To travel o'er ;
And num'rous Taverns by the bye,
With grog *Galore*.

Yet hold, you need not stay I *guess*,
To share the joys of Drunkenness ;
Some soher Heads will soon suppress
Your Rum and riot ;
And let us wish them all success,
For peace and quiet.

The harder times, the harder laws
Our Council with its clause on clause,
Still on our sinking purses draws,
And if they fail,
Some Marshall with his lantern jaws,
Points to the Jail.

The road tax is the worst of all

Upon the wave,
peaux, nor Russian Boors,
[illegible].

of amity, uncurl'd
round a tranquil world ;

Your Rum and riot ;
And let us wish them all success,
For peace and quiet.

The harder times, the harder laws
Our Council with its clause on clause,

I like fair dealing;
You'll not refuse the usual grant,
I know you're feeling.

The grant forsooth! the debt you owe,
Don't think that I a begging go;
Just count my Journies thro' the snow,
The mirk and mire,
And then good Friends you'll quickly know,
I've earn'd my hire.

Then think what toil I've had to strain,
This Ode from out my boyish brain,
What flights I've had o'er land and main,
What tiresome gleaning;
What grinding, sifting of the grain,
To make some meaning.

Blest PATRONS while you've slept in bed,
I've on my flying courser sped,
To where on gory fields the dead
Lay heap on heap;
On each side hoary BALKAN's head,
In lasting sleep.

Survey'd the charge, the fire, the fight,
Of furious Turk and Muscovite;
The squadrons of the PROPHET's flight,
The battle cease,
And last, the hostile powers unite
In bonds of peace.

And dearly has the Sultan paid,
For having reeking slaughter stay'd,
And sheath'd the Russian's victor blade;
In evil hour
He left himself the empty shade,
Of real power.

Who wears proud Sultan now the chain?
The Greek?—ah no thy iron reign
Is broken—thou must now sustain
Thyself the fetter;
The conqueror thy chest will drain,
Poor broken debtor.

And thou old Danube, deep and wide,
Whose course shall hence the powers divide,
And thou Black Sea, so long denied
The Russian prow,
Shalt feel her navy breast thy tide,
Triumphant now.

Upon the wa
Not Gallic beaux, nor Russian Boo

The stream of amity, uncurl'd
Now flows around a tranquil world
The crimson flag is closely furl'd,
And horrid w
By general consent is hurl'd
From out his

Tho' glutted markets long have m
In ev'ry place a stagnant trade,
We trust the Earth so long array'd
In doleful
Will shortly put the rich brocade
Upon her ba

That trade will put the looms in pl
Enhance the famish'd weaver's pa
Through ev'ry channel find its wa
And set in m
All Businesses that now decay
On Earth or

That Lumber trade will yet revive
That poor NEW-BRUNSWICK yet m
Be like a busy humming hive
Our City thr
Yet let us not forget to drive
The Plough

Some who by purblind folly led,
Prefer the Lumber trade instead,
May get a casual piece of bread,
Yet when th
They'll find their golden visions fl
And bite the

And you ye loiterers that stand,
About the wharves, a shiv'ring ba
Why will you starve while there i
Enough ar
Go take a wood-axe in your hand
And clear th

Pray what is eighteen pence per
For clearing *Rocky Hills* away?
Tho' very few can get such pay;
The paltry
Falls short of half you'd burn I s
In country

Saint John, N. B. January, 1.

markets long have made
Upon the wave,
eaux, nor Russian Boors.

of amity, uncurl'd
around a tranquil world;
n flag is closely furl'd,
And horrid war,
consent is hurl'd
From out his car.

d markets long have made
ce a stagnant trade,
e Earth so long array'd
In doleful black,
y put the rich brocade
Upon her back.

will put the looms in play—
e famish'd weaver's pay—
'ry channel find its way,
And set in motion,
ses that now decay
On Earth or Ocean.

er trade will yet revive—
New-Brunswick yet may thrive—
usy humming hive
Our City throng;
not forget to drive
The Plough along.

by purblind folly led,
Lumber trade instead,
casual piece of bread,
Yet when that fails,
d their golden visions fled,
And bite their nails.

e loiterers that stand,
wharves, a shiv'ring band,
you starve while there is land
Enough around?
wood-axe in your hand,
And clear the ground.

is eighteen pence per day,
ng *Rocky Hills* away?
few can get such pay;
The paltry hire,
t of half you'd burn I say
In country fire.

Your Rum and Riot;
And let us wish them all success,
For peace and quiet.

The harder times, the harder laws
Our Council with its clause on clause,
Still on our sinking purses draws,
And if they fail,
Some Marshall with his lantern jaws,
Points to the Jail.

The road tax is the worst of all
Whene'er the Street Surveyors call,
You must take pickaxe, spade, or maul,
Or if you budge,
Must pay a sum what'er befall
High as a Judge.

To you Back-shore's men would I say,
Whose Streets are foul, yet always pay,
When'er you come Prince William's way,
New Brunswick's treasure,
Pace there like Paddy all the day,
The walk's a pleasure,

If you who pay your yearly mite,
To keep the Watch and trim the Light,
Should drop in some nocturnal flight
Where these are near you,
I'd have you tarry all the night,
They both will cheer you.

I do not blame our worthy Mayor,
He fills his office and the chair,
With honour and judicious care,
An taks gude tent,
That ev'ry plack there is to spare,
Is not misspent!!

Now let me pay our President,
A News-Boy's highest compliment,
That Black, power, peace and true content,
May in one tether
While he our King shall represent,
Be bound together.

And now good friends I wish you all,
Both Rich and Poor, both great and small,
Both thick and thin, both low and tall,
The best of cheer,
Honey without a taste of gall,
A good NEW YEAR.